

# LOWELL OFFERING.

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FEBRUARY, 1845.

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## A STORY.

WITH MORALITY and PATRIOTISM uppermost in my good intentions, of what incidents can I manufacture a tale, that will gain even a perusal? *Patriotism* is nearly obsolete, and *morality*, most of our divines tell us, will not give even an earnest of bliss beyond the tomb. Two duller subjects could not have been selected, from which to weave a story. The grave will pass it, for they condemn fiction. The gay will not read it, for it is too sedate. The minister, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, and the mechanic, will leave it for some "novel-turned miss;" and *she*, ten chances to one, will not peruse it, as I have half-betrayed in the first line, that love, "unchanging love," "blue-eyed heroines," and "dark-eyed heroes," do not alone fill my cranium. Alas! my thoughts run faster than my pen, and not one can I find disposed to read, to censure, or to praise.

What! shall this, with all its excellence, its genius, and its extra cleverness, remain unnoticed, unread, and unknown, save by the author of its existence? Well! sad is my contemplation; but my consolation must be, that great geniuses seldom earn the laurel wreath but to adorn their graves; and that it is by the posthumous fame of a writer that posterity judge him. But let others tell their tales of the "sunny climes of Italy and France"—let them tell of "wars and deeds of valor"—of the halls of the noble, and the *boudoirs* of the beautiful. Let them describe the change of battles, and the glories of the warrior. I leave all these themes of romance and poetry. No country's banner ever greeted my eye, save the stripes and eagles of my own land; and no motto, save "*E pluribus unum*," do I hold sacred.

My country—But what has my country to do with my story? And I will leave that to be descanted upon by travelling scribblers, dinner-eating politicians, and turn-coat editors. Let them tell of its customs, and domestic manners; of the liberality of its institutions, and the virtues and vices of its statesmen. Patriotism is—But, pshaw! there is not a boy in our happy land but can tell you, that patriotism is not love of country, but adhesiveness to *party*; that the patriots of the present generation "hurra" for their favorite candidate, instead of pledging "their lives and

sacred honor" to defend their country's rights, and their country's good. And our code of ethics I may as well hand over to the moral reformers of the age, until the problem is solved, whether a man is to be judged by the intrinsic worth of his character, or the excellence of his tailor.

But, as the sailors say, I have "boxed the compass" of my intentions. Still, I must write a story; and if it may not be, to make my readers braver, better, or wiser, I trust, at least, that I shall satisfy them as well as the Hoosier orator did his hearers in a political caucus, not many centuries since. If the truth must be told, he was a much better jockey than statesman; could decide a bet better than a question of political economy, and had more bluster than courage. But he was popular as a "real good fellow" in his "diggins," and, like many other geniuses, had gained much notoriety by his flippancy upon his favorite subject, and the credit of knowing as much upon all other questions. The call for him was so vociferous, that, in the noise, without well knowing how, he found himself upon the stand bowing and acknowledging the honor done him with his most energetic genuflections. "Gentlemen," he says; "gentlemen, the Bible is a good book, and our children ought to study it—but Deacon Jones knows more about that than I do. I think that the Roman Catholic Pope had not ought to govern us, and our wives and children—but Esq. Davis knows about that, and has told you all about it. But, gentlemen, I can tell you about a good horse as well as any man;"—and he proceeded to enlighten his audience upon the subject which he did understand. And, like him, if I cannot tell you a story about the great and noble, I can, at least, tell you about

## OUR SCHOOLMASTER,

### AND HOW HE CAME TO BE MARRIED.

Every body knows the position of a country schoolmaster in New England, and that it is but second to the minister; while at the same time, he is considered a more marketable and come-atable commodity. The minister is, almost ever, a married man; and if he is not, he has failed in setting the most essential example before the rising generation of his congregation. But a married schoolmaster is proof positive that "the committee" have consulted their own taste, instead of the grown-up girls of the district.

But our schoolmaster was not a married man; and whether the fact that the head committee-man had three marriageable daughters, not pledged to vow constancy to any swain, had any thing to do with the selection, is a question which never has been solved for public benefit. The schoolmaster had not been long among us before the old school-house was filled to overflowing. And it is a remarkable fact, that that winter there were more large girls in school than there ever had been before, or have been since. The importance of education seemed particularly appreciated by all who had hopes, or even wishes, of becoming wives. And Uncle Bill, who was something of a wag, seriously declared that "grandma'am White," who was "the oldest inhabitant," wanted to go to school too, if she could only get a place to board near the school-house. In truth, the schoolmaster was a "proper nice young man," and somehow all the girls found out the same fact. Not a quilting, or party, was perfect without his presence; and the samples of good cooking, which came under his inspection, would have won the heart of any man, if, as some of the ancients supposed,



that article had any immediate connection with the palate. Pies, puddings, cakes and tarts, of all which the preparation was ascribed to Polly, Sally, Betsey, or Margaret, or whichever the favorite daughter might be, who had the best chance to please the schoolmaster's taste. If the blind god, like flies, was to be trapped with sweets and molasses, he would have been caught in every house but one in the district.

The schoolmaster remained impregnable to the assaults, both upon his heart and his stomach. He never suspected the mines which were preparing to explode in every direction. The girls began to think that surely he was engaged; and that is almost as bad as being a married man. But they were mistaken. His heart was free and unfettered. And what they lacked was a quick discernment of his weak side. Every person is assailable, and the whole tact of the affair is to discover and humor their weak point, or peculiar whim. But the girls were all at fault—they smiled and pouted in vain; their mamas made cookies and sweetmeats for their credit without advancing their interest in the least; as the schoolmaster's eccentricity was so closely connected with his scholastic duties that it was not mistrusted. But his mind was the abstract of a mathematical problem. There was not a puzzle in "Thomas's Almanac" but he could decipher; and he never was happy or satisfied without a fractional anxiety. But the girls were all so anxious about the dividend of his affections, that it never occurred to them that the square of his partiality could only be obtained by the addition of a slate and pencil to their own charms. At last, one wiser, or with more tact than the rest, suspected the truth, and finding that the usual methods of captivation had failed, suddenly became deeply interested in all mathematical puzzles, and often invited the master home with her to finish the "sums" and solve the problems which she had gathered together in a file of old almanacs as long as a century. He was at ease; and, without inquiring *why*, his feet would almost involuntarily turn to where he was sure to find a cheerful fire, a bowl of apples, and a slate and pencil ready for his amusement. Jane Baker was elated with her stratagem, and the result was all she wished, and what might have been anticipated. For, make a man happy—show him that you sympathize with and understand his foible, and there must be some strong reason why, if he does not reward you with his love, or what, in his estimation, is the same thing, the privilege of wearing his name.

Jane did well: she caught the schoolmaster, and then had her life to learn that a mathematical husband was even more tedious than a mathematical lover.

Some five years after, I paid them a visit at their own domicile. I found Jane with as ready tact as ever, and her husband puzzling over "Greenleaf's last edition." Three chubby children had been given them; and, from the energetic manner in which the youngest used its lungs, I drew the conclusion that it inherited its mother's activity, instead of its father's love of science and quiet.

The schoolmaster, with his usual dignity, bade me welcome, and began to solicit my opinion of the probable merits of a book on geometry, which was to be published sometime. But Jane interrupted him with

"John, the fire is minus, and you will particularly oblige me to solve the problem of how many sticks of wood it would take to make a good one."

He mechanically turned to his black board for the answer; but she again interrupted the train of his thoughts with

"Please, husband, give us a practical illustration, and then, by the warmth, we will prove its correctness."

Like an obedient husband he proceeded to comply with the request, and then returned to his favorite amusement. He was scarcely seated before Jane again propounded a puzzle for his solution.

"Husband," said she, "supposing one dead chicken would make a comfortable meal for three, how long would it take to make two live chickens dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear," he returned, "but don't interrupt me now, as I am just finishing the equation of this problem, which never has been solved by any mathematician. If I can get it arranged correctly, the solution will be positive."

"But a hungry family and squalling children are problems which must be solved first," she returned, laughing.

He cast one look at his black-board of saddened sorrow, and, if I did not mistake, one of anger at his wife; but he was too well trained to dispute the command insinuated.

I looked a puzzle, but I did not dare propound it; yet she was too well versed in the root of the query not to understand it.

"He is good and kind," said she, in explanation, "but he loves a problem of figures and signs better than that of living. He never knows hunger or cold while in his abstractions of fractions; and I always must propose my questions decidedly, or have them forgotten."

"But—" said I. But I did not dare propound the question.

She laughed, and said, "Oh, I understand: you want to know why he is so obedient. It is a long story in all; but the conclusion of it was, that after I had suffered neglect—seen myself rivalled by an old black-board, and my children requiring some interest from their father, I was obliged to come to an open rupture, and say that it should not be—that he never should do a sum in the house until he attended to my requests first."

"But how could you effect this?" I inquired.

"Easy enough," she returned: "I only seated myself by him, and rubbed out his figures and signs as fast as he could make them; and then we came to an agreement that he should do my bidding always, and I would leave him in quiet when possible."

"Why," said I, in astonishment, "I thought he loved you."

"Love me!—he loves nothing but his problems; and we came to the compromise from no other desire of his, but to save his darling signs and demonstrations. And," she continued, energetically, "if you marry, marry a rowdy; marry any thing but a quiet man in love with abstractions, fractions, equations, roots, factors, binomials, and trinomials."

JESSIE.

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How often a thoughtless and careless expression wounds the feelings of another. The matter may be harmless, the manner innocent, but the time, or the persons to whom it is spoken, unfortunate. Naught should be more indelibly impressed upon our minds than always to remember to whom we are speaking—what inferences may be drawn from our remarks, and the place, or contingent circumstances, connected with what we are saying.

C.



## TO WINTER.

O WINTER! art thou come again,  
With thy cold breath and angry frown!—  
To make poor trembling Nature bear  
That weary load, thine icy crown.

Thy ice-gems bright, thy sparkling snow,  
Indeed attract the gazer's eye;  
But what is all their glory worth,  
If loveliest flowers beneath them die.

Stern Winter! thee I cannot love,  
Nor, joyous, bid thee hither come,  
Since birds and streams, and cherished flowers,  
Are robbed by thee of song and bloom.

'Tis Summer! ever bright and fair,  
My spirit hails with liveliest joy—  
When shady groves, and sunny fields,  
And glittering streamlets greet the eye.

Who does not love the zephyrs soft,  
That lightly play along the lee,  
Better than Boreas's angry blasts,  
That rudely howl o'er land and sea.

Sweet Summer, like an only friend,  
Brings joy and gladness to the heart;  
But tyrant Winter, cold and harsh,  
Bids every smile and song depart.

E. R. H.

*B. R. Holbrook, now Mrs. Hanson*

## TO WINTER.

Ho! welcome thee, Winter! how cheerily sounds  
O'er the hill-top, thy clear, hollow blast!  
How brightly, the forest and valley around,  
Is thy mantle of purity cast!

They call thee a tyrant, O Winter! They say  
That thou holdest the blossoms so sweet,  
In thy cold, icy fingers, till blighted they lay,  
All wrapped in a white winding-sheet.

They say that so rudely thou scowl'st on the stream,  
It hushes its song at thy frown,  
And forgets its light dance in the moon's loving beam,  
While thou chain'st it in frost-fetters down.

They say, when the weary, his cares all forgot,  
Seeks slumber refreshing and sweet;  
Enraged, thou dost howl round his peaceable cot,  
With legions of tempest and sleet.

They slander thee, Winter! for sure he *might* hear  
Thee shout, like a friend at his door.

"Thank Heaven, thou art sheltered!" and close to his ear  
Low whisper, "Remember the poor!"

What though thou didst silence the tune of the rill,  
And make it so motionless lay ;—  
It will sound all the sweeter, that once it was still,  
When Spring sets it dancing away.

Do the fair blossoms die, by thy rude fingers torn ?  
No ! they sleep in their drapery white,  
Till the sun shall awake them, some shining May morn,  
To bathe in the dew and the light.

Let them talk of the zephyrs, of verdure and bloom,  
And for Summer so dolefully sigh.

A warm heart is better than Flora's perfume,  
Though it beats 'neath a blustering sky.

Blithe Health is thy handmaiden, Winter ! We see  
How she paints the young cheek rosy red ;  
And the bright eyes of children are sparkling with glee  
As lightly the snow-drifts they tread.

Thy frownings are never unfriendly, though stern—  
In kindness each tempest is given,  
And, grateful, from sunshine and storm, we will learn  
How good is our FATHER IN HEAVEN.

There are mortals who, roughly and Winter-like, go ;  
And the world calls them heartless and cold.  
Yet deep in their hearts, like the flow'rs under snow,  
Fresh germs of affection they hold.

Why should they be counted unworthy of love,  
And branded "unfeeling" for aye,  
When the first beam that shines from the Spirit above,  
Will wake in them beautiful day ?

But hark ! for old Boreas loudly without  
Is whistling response to my song.  
Ho ! up and away then, and echo his shout,  
And do honest Winter no wrong !

L. L.

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## AN AFTERNOON RAMBLE.

SEVERAL long years had elapsed since my eyes had beheld the scenes of my childhood, yet many of them were as fresh in my mind as if but a few days had passed. Oft, in my lonely moments, have I visited my native town in imagination. Tired of my present amusements, and wishing to spend a few weeks away from my domestic employments, I thought to visit some of my old play and school-mates. It was a pleasant morn in September when I took leave of my friends at home, anticipating a pleasant ride and visit. I arrived at the house of an old friend, a little before sunset. Happy to meet my old acquaintance where I had spent many happy days, many were the inquiries I made concerning my former associates. But few of them could I find. Some had gone to distant lands ; some had been consigned to the narrow grave ; a few still remained, but time had wrought a change in them. Their rosy cheeks had begun to fade ; their once sparkling eyes were not so bright. I went to the graveyard where I had often been in former years. There I could read the



names of many that I had hoped to see. The little grave-yard had also become a large one. Feeling somewhat sad at the many changes, I thought to wander alone, one afternoon, to the places where I once spent my play hours. I went in search of my play paths, but not a trace could I view. My favorite shade trees the axeman had long since leveled; my bower also had sunk to decay; the river (by whose brink I had so often sat, and watched the nimble trout as it swam so carelessly along through the water,) seemed more dull in its music, more sad in its song, more tardy in its motion, as it rolled to the far-off ocean. One thing is dearer yet!—it is the old oak that grew beside the pebbly brook. I hastened to the spot. It was still there, but so much larger I could hardly believe it the same old oak. I sat down beneath its broad-spreading branches to watch the ruffle of the little brook which kept its ceaseless motion. While sitting there I gave full scope to my thoughts. “Here,” thought I, “is where I have spent my happiest days; beneath these branches I have played with many that I shall never see again; many that have long since been laid in yonder church-yard. How changing are the things of earth—nothing can I find but is fast passing away.”

While I was thus indulging in a melancholy reverie, sleep insensibly stole upon me. I thought a form of divine beauty and loveliness stood before me; I gazed at her with amazement; she invited me to accompany her in search of something that changed not; I arose, and soared high above the busy world. I could see its multitudes in almost every direction. I saw cities and thrones sink to ruin. I saw generations rise and fall. I saw the poor raised to affluence; the affluent become the poor. Kings and rulers were housed in the tomb. I saw those who flourished in prosperity, and were surrounded by friends, overtaken by adversity, and forsaken by all. I saw a mother, all clad in rags, weeping for an erring son.

While I was thus gazing, my conductor directed me to look in another direction, where was a scene I had not before noticed. It was a steep hill, covered with a multitude of people, of all ages, from the infant to decrepit old age. The hill was covered with paths: some were adorned with flowers and fruits, while others were bestrewed with thorns and brambles. Some appeared smooth, while others were rough and uneven. Some of the people appeared happy, while many were unhappy. Some would hurry along over the brambles, others would wholly stop; while yet a few would keep a steady course, valiantly removing every obstacle. Many I noticed, who started with the rest, would faint and die; a few were near the bottom, but with a feeble gait. My conductor then asked me what I saw; any thing that changed not? I could think of nothing but a mother's love. “What seest thou on the hill?” she asked. “Dost thou see any thing desirable there? Go with me to the mansions of contentment—my temple is the bower of ease, and hermit's cell. I cheer the faint on yonder hill, but few are my admirers.”

I stretched out my arms to embrace my conductor, and secure her for a friend, when I awoke, and found it a dream. The chill dews of evening were falling around me. I arose, and hastened to my friends with food for thought for the remainder of life. I resolved to be content with my lot; and long shall I remember the afternoon ramble and reverie beneath the oak.

S. T.

## THE DREAM-LAND.

## I.

THERE'S a beautiful land—'tis the land of dreams;  
 'Tis watered by sparkling though ideal streams,  
 'Tis blessed with a balmy and unchanging clime,  
 Has vales of green beauty, and mountains sublime;  
 'Tis laved by an ocean ne'er tossed by rude storms,  
 'Tis peopled with slight and aerial forms,  
 'Tis shadowed by clouds, of all-glorious dyes,  
 Which sail o'er the depths of cerulean skies;  
 Its sun shines unclouded o'er cities of gold,  
 The wealth of its temples may never be told,  
 Its palaces glow with the radiant light  
 Of diamonds and rubies and gems ever bright;  
 Its groves with rich fragrance stand ever arrayed,  
 Its flowers are of brilliance that never may fade,  
 Its fountains send upward their unbroken gleams,  
 And a beautiful land is the land of dreams.

## II.

I love from earth's toils, from its sorrows, to hie,  
 And, on Fancy's light wings, to the dream-land I fly,  
 To hear the low hymns of the soft waving trees,  
 And the anthem the waterfall sings to the breeze,  
 The loud hallelujahs which constantly rise  
 Where the cataract lifteth its voice to the skies;  
 But sweeter than these are the musical tones  
 Of the joyous, the cherished, the beautiful ones,  
 Who come to me there with unfaltering voice,  
 And bid me be fearless, take heart, and rejoice.  
 Oh, these are the friends who can never grow old;  
 And theirs is the love which can never seem cold;  
 I hear the glad tones of affection, which fall  
 On mine ear with an accent which never may pall,  
 And my heart swelleth high as it lists the kind word  
 Which save in the dream-land it never hath heard.  
 There the ties which we form Death never may break,  
 There the friends are all true—they never forsake,  
 They turn not away—they never seem strange,  
 In the dream-land is friendship which never may change.

## III.

Yes, I go to the dream-land—and there I grow strong  
 To bear the sad burden of sorrow and wrong,  
 Which Earth presseth hard on the neck of her child,  
 And leaveth it seldom by gladness beguiled.  
 I never hope here for the joys of that land,  
 But midst its dark tempests more firmly I stand,  
 For I think that at times from its storms I can flee  
 Where there's brightness, unmingled with darkness, for me;  
 I hear with more calmness the edicts of fate  
 When I think of the pleasures which still can elate;  
 I look with a tenderness on the lost friend  
 Whose affection I early had mourned at an end,  
 For I find in the dream-land the sympathy lost,  
 The love which or death or estrangement had crossed.  
 Then my heart is renewed as it bathes in the bliss  
 Which it finds in that land, but expects not in this,  
 And mine eye drinketh in the full brightness which streams  
 In an unfailing flood o'er the blessed land of dreams.



## IV.

There are times when my soul, with a purer delight,  
 Plumes its wings for another, and holier flight;  
 When it seeks for its joy and its strength at the throne  
 Of THE HIGH AND THE HOLY ALL-GLORIOUS ONE;  
 When it looketh afar, o'er the shadows of earth,  
 And over the land where dreams have their birth,  
 It craveth a foretaste of heavenly joy,  
 Of bliss which is real, yet hath no alloy;  
 Where our dear ones have life, but death never know;  
 Where all, which in fondness we cling to below,  
 Is transferred in beauty to regions on high,  
 Where the bright is the fadeless—the frail may not die,  
 Where the fair and the noble are all that they seem,  
 And truth, love, and gladness, are aught but a dream.

## CONCEALED LOVE.

On the day following, as the party assembled, all was life and animation. Mary's spirits were never more buoyant than when she descended to the drawing-room. As she entered, her eye at one glance distinguished the young artist, of whom her father had spoken the night preceding—that proud and lofty bearing, and the keen glance of that eagle eye, could not be mistaken. He was just then earnestly engaged in conversation, and Mary, after an introduction, passed on, and joined a group in another part of the room. As the sun poured his parting effulgence over hill and slope, the party sallied forth on a ramble to the grassy bank of a river near by. The blue waves were gently gliding on, making low-toned music as they kissed the flower fringe on its margin. The songster poured a volume of melody across the tide as he bade farewell to the setting sun, and every thing, from the rose which the zephyrs rocked to sleep, to the tall tree in the dense forest, breathed of gladness and beauty. Mary stood apart from the others, watching the gorgeous array of clouds, that, glowing in the warm sunlight, hung in glorious drapery around the portals of the west. Such a scene as this harmonized well with her better feelings, her pure and holy nature. Recollections of the past awoke in her bosom, mingling with glorious visions of the bright and holy. Her bosom swelled with deep emotion, and, half-unconsciously to herself, her voice rose on the still air in strains of seraph-like music, wild and capricious, yet full of deep and impassioned feeling. As the last strain died upon her lips, she, blushing, turned hastily aside as she perceived, at a little distance, the young artist leaning upon the trunk of a decayed tree, and looking earnestly upon her.

“Nature has assumed her sweetest mood to-night,” said he, approaching her; “and the mantle of her gladness seems also to have fallen upon your spirit.”

“And who,” replied Mary, thoughtfully, “could inhale the balmy freshness of the scene, without feeling their spirits buoyed by its inspiration? Is there not always enough in nature to admire and love, which may prove an antidote to worldly care, if our spirits are rightly attuned.”

"Most surely," replied he, smiling, "provided we possess the rare gift of extracting sweet from bitter under all circumstances. But this scene," continued he, gazing pensively upon the limpid lake, "reminds one of the poet's description of the glorious Eden land."

"True," said Mary; "and even a poet's imagination, I think, could hardly picture a lovelier scene than this."

The rest of the company now coming up the conversation became general, and, as the shades of night stole over the water, they bent their steps towards the villa. The party soon after took leave, but young Crandon, our artist, did not so without turning for a parting look at Mary, as she stood upon the terrace, her white dress contrasting strongly by moonlight with the luxuriant shrubbery. Her loveliness, simplicity, and, above all, her deep and impassioned devotion to nature, which a congenial spirit only might feel, had in truth impressed Edwin Crandon more deeply than he was aware, and he imagined it was only a fondness for the romantic scenery of the spot, which made him resolve to visit it again at an early period. And, on the other hand, Mary, although she never questioned her heart as to its real sentiments, could not help acknowledging to herself, that he was one of the very few who could understand her feelings, and whose spirit might soar with hers through the regions of sublimity and purity.

The succeeding day found Crandon at Mr. Elston's, and again and again he sought the shade of his friendly roof, until his visits came to be regarded as a matter of course, and surprise was expressed if he came not. Mr. Elston was charmed with the vivacity, wit, and intelligence of the young artist, and spared no pains to render his visits pleasant, while Mary felt that in his society she could be understood, without the fear of being deemed romantic or visionary. His favorite poets were also hers; they dwelt with delight upon the same passages, and together marked the sublimity of the same thoughts and ideas. Days, and even weeks, rolled on, while he remained apparently forgetful that his journey did not terminate here. He was still a frequent visitor at Mr. Elston's, where all things remained as usual, save that Mary wore, at times, an air of abstraction, and a constantly increasing coldness and reserve, for which her friends and even herself could hardly account. She, at first, met Crandon as a brother, and with all freedom did she communicate to him her thoughts and feelings; but, as time rolled on, and she saw more and more of his high and noble character, she found her feelings vary towards him. At the same time his manner, as she thought, was cold and indifferent towards her, and her pride revolted at the idea that any one should know that he had excited more than ordinary interest in her bosom. Her feelings she might not conquer, but she could at least conceal them, although her heart should break in the struggle.

And, Edwin, his proud heart, and proud it most certainly was, keenly felt her increasing coldness and reserve towards him, but he imagined it proceeded rather from dislike and aversion, than from any concealed emotion. Feeling that she was one whom he must adore, even if not permitted to love, he contented himself with assuming the mantle of careless indifference, while he continued to observe her narrowly, hardly conscious that he did so. Mary was truly miserable, and often when her heart was full almost to bursting, would her feelings find vent in song; and once, when Edwin had just left her in a fit of abstraction, during which she could hardly appear with composure, she breathed the following simple strain,



Often when the heart is swelling  
With keen anguish, vain yet deep,  
Though the tongue refuse its telling,  
Still the heart its woes will speak.

Tell-tale blushes, quickly rising,  
Tell what lips refuse to speak,  
And warm tears, the eyes baptizing,  
Roll in torrents o'er the cheek ;

All may see and read their language,  
None these tokens can mistake,  
Yes, the heart will bear no bondage,  
It must tell its woes, or break.

Mary's feelings were soothed by the melody, and with half a smile playing over her lovely features, she turned towards the open window. The moon's pure beam inspired her with devotion, and she felt no longer miserable. "I will forget," she cried. "Ah, Edwin, no longer will I bear thine image on my breast." Vain resolve!—she had yet to learn that love has iron bands, and resistless chains. As she was turning from the window, she fancied she heard a rustling among the shrubbery without. She started, but it was only the breeze playing among the leaves, and she turned away and composed herself to study. She was interrupted by the entrance of a young Italian, whose preference for Mary had been sufficiently marked of late, but whom she regarded merely as a friend. This evening he was unusually lively and animated, and, during the hour he passed with her, the conversation turned upon young Crandon, and some particulars in his history were mentioned by the Italian. While in Naples, said he, last summer, I was so fortunate as to see Lady Clarence D., who has Crandon's heart in safe keeping. She was, in truth, a glorious creature—just such a being as a poet might love. Mary turned to the window, and began hastily to gather the flowers of a fragrant geranium which stood there. And the young Italian soon after took leave.

Not many days passed away, and they again met at a brilliant ball. The gay and the fair were there, and the light of beauty fell softly upon the scene, yet it brought small share of joy to Mary's weary heart. And yet she mingled with the crowd with a free light step, and a beaming smile, which only spoke of gladness, for she had sternly resolved that the secret chambers of her heart should never be laid open to public view, cost what it might to conceal them. This evening Edwin seemed not to seek Mary's society, but rather avoided it; yet their eyes often met, and, whenever they did so, Mary turned coldly away, lest that searching glance should read the truth she most wished to conceal. During an interval of the dance her gay and laughing partner led her to a seat near a window, where he left her for a moment; and, as Mary gazed upon the scene without, she forgot the festival within, and thought only of Edwin. Her thoughts reverted to the time when, in his company, she had last visited this spot, and she sighed heavily. She seemed to hear its echo, and starting up, beheld Edwin standing near, apparently quite at ease and narrowly observing her.

"You seem to prefer the quiet that reigns without, to the bustle and animation within: it is perhaps more congenial to your spirit?" said he, as she turned towards him.

Mary struggled with suppressed emotion, as she calmly replied, "I in-

deed enjoy the beauty without, but I cannot profess myself averse to an evening of gaiety, when it is passed in the society of friends."

"Which is, undoubtedly, the case this evening," interposed he, archly.

"It is," replied Mary—"at least, I trust it is so."

She blushed deeply as she uttered the finishing sentence; while Crandon, who applied it to her partner in the dance, said carelessly,

"You would then prefer the gaiety within to a ramble without?"

Mary replied that she was engaged for the next dance, and turned abruptly away to smother her feelings in music and mirth. She knew not that a wound was inflicted on Edwin's heart which time might never heal. Her seeming indifference to him he attributed to fondness for another, and resolved that he would never throw himself at that proud girl's feet to be rejected. The idea that she loved another was to him madness, yet he could not doubt it, supported as it was by the assurances of the Italian above mentioned, who, apparently in all confidence and friendship, had poured into his ear a tale of his love for Mary and of its warm return.

The scene was over. One by one the guests departed; and Mary returned home and sought her pillow with a heart bursting with sorrow. She woke in the morning with a weight of weariness and desolation resting upon her, yet applauding herself for her resolution and firmness. She busied herself about her daily pursuits, endeavoring to forget the past, and to live only in the present. Heavy task!

A few days after this her father informed her that the young artist, having finished his sketches, had left their vicinity, and "I marvel much, added he, "that his former pursuits have so soon become tasteless to him; that he should thus enter upon another field of action. He goes, as he says, to join the army, that he may win the 'meed of glory.' Heaven preserve him from danger, but, should the tug of war come on, it is not improbable that the warrior's gory bed may be his."

Why was it that Mary's cheek blanched, her lip quivered, and she retired to her chamber? Days, weeks rolled on, and Mary passed among the members of her father's household, their light, their life, their joy, and yet how altered! A "change had indeed come o'er the spirit of her dream." That sunny smile still lingered on her face, yet mingled with something so sad and mournful that it would cast a shadow over the spirit, like the twilight of approaching death. And death was indeed approaching. Her form grew frail, and her silver voice, once ringing like the glad notes of a bird, now gushed forth in mournful sweetness, like some funeral melody.

She felt that she was wasting away, and she loved that it should be so. The wide world was dark to her, and she longed to cast off the sorrow which weighed upon her heart whenever she thought of Crandon. She thought of him as wearing the laurels that crown the brave, but she knew not that the greenness of those laurels was withered by constant recollections of her. It was at that memorable period when Napoleon had left Elba for France, and all Europe was in commotion, that Crandon found himself holding a commission in the English army, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. The day came, and the murky cloud of smoke above the field, the thunder of the cannon, and the roll of the drum, mingled fearfully with the groans of the dying, and the shouts of victory. It is all over, and where is Crandon? Found buried beneath a heap of the slain, he had been removed, wounded and bleeding, to a hospital near by, where



he lay with no prospect before him but speedy death. And on a couch near him lay the young Italian before mentioned, on whom also death was soon to do its work. He too had enlisted in the army of the allies, and had been mortally wounded in battle. Deeply embarrassed by his losses at the gaming table, and finding his suit rejected by Mary, he had sought to drown his sorrows in the din of war. It was just at sunset that Edwin was brought in; and as the Italian looked towards him, a cloud of remorse passed over his dark features, and he buried his face convulsively in his hands. Towards midnight he aroused from an uneasy slumber, and called in a hollow tone to Edwin. He wished, he said, while his strength would allow, to ask his pardon for the wrong done him, and proceeded to state in substance the following. He could make no pretensions to Mary's love, and had but too good reason to believe it was bestowed upon Edwin, "for once," said he, "as I stood near her window, just after you had left her, she sung in mournful strains of suppressed feeling; then I started, as I heard her breathe your name, together with a vow to forget, for I knew that your image was enshrined in her breast. I turned in bitterness away, and instantly formed a plan to supplant you in her affections. I breathed into your ear the avowal that I was Mary's favored lover, while I told her of a high-born English maiden, whose charms had captivated your heart. In part, my plan succeeded. It has stretched us both in desolation upon a bed of death, and Mary, when we last met, it was but too plainly to be seen that her noble heart was blighted and broken. Jesu Maria! forgive me!" he exclaimed, as he sank upon his pillow, and his eyes closed in the sleep of death.

Overwhelmed with unutterable emotion, Edwin groaned and turned away. From his heart he forgave the wretched being before him whose soul had passed to its Maker, but himself he could not. Keenly did he reproach himself for not having made an open and direct avowal of his love to Mary, and bitter were his reflections.

"At length," he said, arousing from a long reverie, "the bitterness of my sorrow has passed away; it is bliss to feel that I am loved, compared with my former misery. Instantly he called for paper and pen, and began a letter to Mary, although his strength was hardly adequate to the task, and he felt that the tide of life was "ebbing fastly to its finish." The work at length is done. He calls his faithful servant, and, as he places the letter in his hand, bids him sever from its fellows a single lock of his dark hair. His command is obeyed; and, as he twined the glossy curl around his thin fingers, an unearthly light illumines his classic features, "Bear this to Mary," he said, placing it in the folds of the letter, "and tell her that my last thought was hers." . . . . .

It was evening—a gorgeous summer evening. Again Mary sat in her bower on the margin of the lake, but how sadly changed! Her features, pale and emaciated, bear the impress of wasting care and wounded feeling. That proud bright grace, which had formerly marked her every movement, was gone, and in its stead there was a calmness, so meek, subdued and touching, that it was saddening to look at her. Yet strangely beautiful, even in decay, was she, with her soft sweet smile and her dark eyes' light, which spoke of a depth of feeling which none but earth's most gifted ones may know. As her eye wanders over the scene around, and marks the fair stars looking down, one by one, she seems holding communion with some pure spirit, who is whispering to her of peace and joy.

But Memory is there, with her faithful torch vividly illuminating the past, and a sigh escapes her. Listen! that sigh is but the prelude to a song.

I would that I had never seen  
A being formed for love,  
That my affections e'er had been,  
Like Noah's wandering dove,  
Without a resting place on earth,  
Or home by friendship given,  
Then had they, from their early birth,  
Turned to their home in Heaven.

As she finished, her father appeared, bearing in his hand a package. "Here, my child," said he, handing her the letter which Edwin's trusty servant had just brought. This, if I mistake not, brings news from our friend, the artist."

Mary's heart beat violently as she broke the seal, but as she perused it, she could hardly credit her senses. The lock of hair fell from its folds, but Mary heeded it not; she could not lift her eyes from the page before her. It unfolded a truth hitherto unsuspected, and brought with it a weight of woe too heavy for her young heart to bear. She did not faint; her agony was too intense; the blood seemed curdling in her veins, her brain was on fire, and her heart almost ceased to beat. When she had finished, with one mighty effort she placed the letter calmly in her bosom, and, turning to her father, said, with a faint smile, "I am very weak to-night, my dear father; carry me to my chamber; to-morrow you shall know all."

Her request was complied with, and no questions were asked; but, as her father bent in anguish over her couch that night, he perceived that her lips often moved; and once, as he drew near to catch the sound, she murmured, "Edwin, God bless you!"

The wretched father groaned heavily, for the truth now flashed upon him, that his child was dying of a broken heart. As that long night passed away, and early morning dawned, it was evident that a mighty change was taking place in that young sufferer, and that her hold on life was breaking. She was the first to perceive it, and, calling her father to her bed-side, she placed the fatal letter in his hand, bidding him read it when she was no more. "I am dying," she said, "of a broken heart, but the struggle is now over. I strove to conceal the cause from you, but in vain. This letter, and some papers you will find in my cabinet, will explain all. Mourn not for me, my father; I leave this world without a sigh, to join my mother and him for whom my heart is broken, in the realms of eternal light. I have only one request to make; it is, that you will, if possible, see that Edwin's remains repose near mine. And now, farewell, dear father; may Heaven's own blessing rest upon you, Edwin. I come!" she added, as, with a placid smile stealing over her gentle features, her spirit winged its flight.

They hollowed for her a grave in a pleasant quiet spot, where the golden sun looks timidly through the quivering boughs of the tall trees that guard her rest; and here Edwin's remains also repose. At a little distance a silver stream goes singing on its way, and the shadow of lofty hills is cast upon it when the moon is in the west; and often then, it is said, when Luna pours her softest radiance, the wind, sighing through the trees, wafts to the ear a strain of mournful music from the grave of the broken-hearted.

M. A.



## TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

## CHAPTER V.

WEARY, weary is the stranger's fate. He may find those, who, from the nobleness of their own natures, may deal kindly by him—those who will minister to his wants, but the heart which has not learned the antagonism of humanity and divinity, will crave more. Those who recognize not in their own natures the attribute which prompted JEHOVAH to send a Savior into the world—those who exercise benevolence *only* as a duty—those whose feelings extend but over the little space which surrounds their own persons, may deem this desire for sympathy but “mawkish sensibility,” derogatory to mankind and reason. Yet, what were Heaven without that love which feels for another's being? And if Heaven contains a plurality of spirits, could there be happiness without unity and oneness of feeling? And what dethroned an archangel, but that he learned, or permitted his self-love to out-balance that which purity and holiness claimed for others? Did *he* aspire for love, or *power*? And was the aim he sought, to bless, or *rule*? Proud in his mighty intellect, without one pang of regret, he would have usurped the throne of Heaven. *His* own aggrandizement secured, and the ruin of creation would not have stayed his hand. No weak sensibility would have unnerved his purpose. *His* position attained, and it was of no moment what wreck and destruction followed in the wake of the act. In the pride of his intellect, the sternness of his will, and the power of his purpose, he had risen superior, in his own estimation, to the DEITY that was LOVE!

The contradistinction between him who rebelled, and those who remained obedient to the laws of their being, was, that angels could *feel*, while he who had sacrificed to ambition the angelic purity of his nature, also sacrificed the bond of union which unites men, angels and God—LOVE! And men, even thus, sever themselves from the unity intended in their creation. All sin involves self above other considerations, which have equal demands upon attention by the laws of obedience and creation. “Love thy neighbor as thyself” is a command as strongly inculcated in the precepts of Him who “came to save the world,” as to “fear God and keep His commandments.” “Love thy neighbor as thyself” is an imperative counsel from the “GREAT I AM,” as “thou shalt not steal,” or any of the commands delivered by God to Moses. Who doubts that Jesus' instruction to mankind was as much inspired as any delivered by the patriarchs and prophets of old? And yet, even the civil law provides for the observance of the one “under the pains and penalties made and provided,” while even Christians violate the other with glory rather than shame! Ah! the world are still Jews! They still look for a Messiah to come, instead of receiving the testament which He has given them sealed by His own blood! They respect the law of Moses—(is it for fear of the pains and penalties?)—but trample the gospel of Jesus under their feet!

“LOVE ONE ANOTHER!”—and if ye do not this, call not yourselves disciples of the blessed Master who taught the divine truth. To “love one another” is not merely to care for the brethren united under one roof, or held together by one code of government. “Love one another,” Greek and Gentile, as well as Jew. And Truth, with this law constituting the

very essence of his nature, had sought the earth, and now was wending his way to sectarian New England. Not that New England is more strongly imbued with the spirit of sectarianism, than other portions of America—perhaps it is less so—but there was his first induction in America to the spirit which caused an angel to rebel—selfish exaltation.

In his own estimation, every man is right in his religious views and observances; and by the same logic every one who differs from him is wrong; and they treat the error of their brother, not in the spirit of love and forbearance, but with denunciation, sometimes bitter and violent, and almost ever wanting in the spirit which the Great Teacher taught, of humility and charity. And wheresoever you may meet the more bitter, unkind and harsh condemnation of another's faith, or views, you may with justice charge the source from whence it emanates as wanting in the first principles which Jesus taught. In the great essentials of goodness and religion men agree, but stop and differ about ceremonies, forms and expression. Man is not so far from his brother man as he himself believes. If he would sometimes crawl out of his shell of self-conceit, (although, like the snail, he might still be necessitated to carry it upon his back for fear of losing it!) yet he would find his neighbor a brother man, and not so far from himself as his blindness in his shell had conceived. They all profess to "fear God and keep His commandments," but you have found a man directly inspired when you find one who *does* "love himself!"

The letters which Truth bore from his *titled* patron, were received with all consideration and attention by those to whom they were addressed. The letters procured him the patronage and esteem that his merit might have sought in vain. His wants were liberally supplied. His trunk and watch were restored to him. But with all this kindness, he was sad. There was still something wanting. Confined to earth as he was, his heart yearned for that sympathy with which Heaven and earth are allied. Is love a flower which but once blossoms in an earthly pilgrimage? or will it again bloom upon another soil, nurtured by the same kindly care? He visited each place worthy of a stranger's attention, contrasting in his own mind the different tastes and prejudices which swayed the inhabitants of countries but slightly separated, and constantly commingling. In America, in New England, as well as elsewhere, he found his mission rendered futile by the prejudices of education and association.

Men cannot learn truth when they already know *more* than the GREAT TRUTH! The evil is, the world knows too much, rather than too little. They have learned, like the rebel angel, to be above the fetters of feeling. The head in the nineteenth century is cultivated at the expense of the heart. The reason is cultivated with every appliance of aid, while the feelings are cramped, shaded, killed. Worldly wisdom will tell us in reply, that reason is given to regulate our passions and affections—that it is the distinguishing trait of man above the animal creation. True: reason was bestowed to *regulate* our sympathies and appetites and emotions; to give the blind instincts eyes—not to kill them. The gardener trains and *prunes* his luxuriant vines and shrubs—does not cut them up, because he *knows* how to prevent their running to wild waste by beginning their destruction at the root.

Truth had been in New England for several weeks, and with his friends had visited most of the churches distinguished for the ability displayed in their pulpits. That he never was surprised at the manner which the peace-



ful messages of Christ assumed in some of them, would be useless to deny.

"Why," said he to his friend, as they were returning from hearing a popular and favorite author, "was that man teaching faith and duty? He inculcated any thing but love and charity, and the people turned their eyes to each other as if they approved his tirade of abuse. Has mankind strayed so far from the first precept taught by Him they worship, that they are pleased when others are harshly and bitterly denounced?"

"To be sure," replied his friend, "we do not approve of all that Mr. — sometimes says. He is what we call a strong preacher—he draws large audiences—creates an excitement, and turns the attention of the multitude to the consideration of these things."

"And do you seek to do good," replied Truth, sadly, "by means which you condemn? Does hatred and unkindness beget love? Can the clear waters of peace flow from the turbid pools of contention?"

"But," interrupted his friend, "did not Christ denounce the Jews?"

"Did he instruct his apostles to do so?" responded Truth.

And the conversation was discontinued.

As Truth began to understand the spirit which surrounded him, he found that to receive public favor it was necessary that every man should do something which would earn money. And his patron, working hard each day in his counting-room, seemed a reproach to his idleness, and he made inquiry in what manner he could avail himself of his knowledge and capability to earn "his bread," like the descendants of earth's first son, "by the sweat of his brow."

His friend promised due inquiry, and the result of his mission was, that Truth was engaged to edit a newspaper, "devoted to the improvement of our social condition."

[NOTE. To make a variety, we are obliged to give Truth piecemeal, and sometimes in very small pieces. But if we, in this number, carry him through his editorial duties, it will occupy more space than can be spared from other correspondents.]

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## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Tired with the dull monotony of every-day life, its varied cares, and its unsatisfying joys, I wandered forth to spend a few moments by *my mother's grave*. It was a beautiful autumnal eve. The sun had made his exit, but his golden mantle still floated in the west. The pale empress of night had just emerged from her eastern home, and commenced her nocturnal march through the boundless, trackless ether. All nature looked lovely, and yet to me it wore a melancholy aspect. The beautiful flowers of summer had faded and gone. The green carpet of earth had passed away, and the music of the evening breeze, as it sighed mournfully through the leafless trees of the forest, united with the low murmurings of distant waters, all conspired to make me sad and lonely. I sat me down by the side of my mother's grave, hoping that the holy influences of that sacred spot would calm the troubled waters within, and restore to my mind that peace and joy for which I sighed.

Nor was I disappointed. I felt that the spirit of my sainted mother still hovered near me. I fancied I could hear the music of her sweet voice, and see her smile upon me, as she was wont to do in the sunny hours of my childhood, ere I was fated to write myself an orphan. I thought, too, of her dying council, and took courage. "I commend you," said she, "to that BEING who has promised to be the orphan's FATHER. Go to HIM at all times, and in all circumstances, as to an earthly friend. Are you tried and tempted? HE will pity and comfort you. Are you prosperous and happy? Fail not to return thanks to HIM who giveth you all those blessings which you so richly enjoy; and, finally, cast all your care upon HIM, for HE careth for you. Should you do right, you will doubtless find many friends; but ever remember, that love, disinterested love, must be the ruling principle of your life." She paused, and taking from her pillow a small Bible, presented it to me, bidding me make it the man of my counsel, and the guide of my youth. Then, commending me renewedly to my heavenly FATHER, her happy spirit winged its way to the bosom of its God. Kind friend! perhaps you too now mourn the loss of some loved one, who sleeps beneath the cold sod of the valley: go, then, and commune with the spirit of the dear departed one, and take courage.

E. W. J.

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## THE WIFE.

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

It was a freezing cold night in Dec., 1838, that the young wife seated herself beside the dying embers of her cheerless hearth. Her face, deeply marked by care and grief, was deadly pale. She wrung her hands in agony, as she glanced around her cheerless room, which bespoke poverty and wretchedness; all was drear and desolate in the dimly lighted apartment, but it was not this that brought anguish to the mother's heart, and caused her cheek to pale. Death had laid his icy hand upon her first-born, and snapped in twain the silver cord of life. She had closed its eyes, and folded its little hands to rest; and when her task of love was done, she sat herself down to wait the return of her husband, who, though an outcast from society, and degraded by his own folly, she still clung to with untiring devotion.

Hour after hour passed, yet he came not. The bereaved mother rose from her seat, and uncovering the dead, gazed long on the cherub face of her babe. A smile still lingered on its sweet features, and the long silken lashes fell lightly over the upturned eye, revealing its heavenly blue. The little dimpled hands lay folded on its peaceful breast, from which the spirit had winged its way, far beyond the bright blue skies to its native home. She kneeled beside the little one, and breathed forth a prayer to the Giver of all good, to strengthen her in this trying hour, and pour the rich balm of consolation into her wounded bosom. But O! more earnestly she prayed for her wretched, erring husband, that he might return to the path of rectitude, and find that peace which passeth knowledge. In



the fervor of supplication, her own misery was forgotten ; the howlings of the storm without were unheeded ; of him alone she thought ; the being that had brought her to shame and degradation, that had heaped reproaches and curses upon her.

She arose from her knees, and approached the window ; the storm still raged in unabated fury, and the wild whistling winds, as they swept through the leafless branches of the old elm before the door, seemed in unison with the conflicting emotions in her own bosom. She listened till the distant bacchanalian shout, warned her that the revellers were returning to their homes ; the sound drew nearer and nearer, and a well-known step was at the door. She hastened to admit her husband. The unsteady step, and wild expression of his eye, made the young wife shrink instinctively back.

"What," he cried, seizing her rudely by the arm, and shaking her with violence, "has it come to this ? next, you will be learning your brat to shun me also." She endeavored to free herself from his grasp, and pointing to the bed, almost inaudibly articulated "Our child !"

"Curse you and *the* child !" he exclaimed, maddened by her attempt to escape, "I'll teach you better things," and dragging her to the bedside, he seized the child, but started back, appalled at the death chill that met his grasp. A loud laugh burst from the lips of his wife, and fell on the startled ear of the now sobered man. Words are inadequate to express the anguish and remorse of the wretched husband during that dreadful night, over the ruin he had caused in the sanctuary of his home. He had dethroned, with his own hand, his household gods ; and crushed with cruelty the flowers that had bloomed to make him happy. Amid the gnawing remorse of his conscience, he exclaimed, like one of old, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." With the earliest dawn of morning, he rushed from the presence of his maniac wife, and lifeless babe, to drown in the intoxicating bowl, the reproaches of the inward monitor. Miserable man ! didst thou think to take coals of fire in thy bosom, and not be burned, or walk upon hot coals, and thy feet not be scorched !

Isabella Christy had left her early home but three short years previous, the happy bride of Frederick Preston, to share with him, to whom the wealth of her young heart had been given, the checkered scenes of life. Like hundreds of others, scattered over the length and breadth of our land, she had wedded with every prospect of domestic happiness. And, for a while, not a wish was left ungratified. Frederick was the kindest of husbands. But gradually and almost imperceptibly, a change came over him. He grew morose and unkind ; his wife and child were neglected ; article after article of furniture disappeared under the ruthless sweep of Intemperance, and poverty, cold and cheerless, stared the young wife in the face. Fallen and degraded as the once gifted and noble Frederick Preston had become, his abused and neglected wife never thought of leaving him, although she knew that the warm arms of love would be ready to welcome her back to the home of her infancy. Not a word, not even a murmur escaped her lips, to tell, to her distant friends, the tale of her husband's shame and degradation ; her letters she could not divest of the deep sadness that preyed upon her heart, but they breathed throughout, an earnest and untiring affection for the father of her babe.

Although she was silent respecting the cold penury and want, mingled with abuse, that she endured for his sake, rumor, ever on the alert, sped

to her paternal home; and her situation, too miserable to need exaggeration, was but too truly depicted. Her aged father, bowed down by grief at this intelligence, started in quest of his child, that, if possible, he might bring her back, like the wearied dove, to the ark of rest and peace. With difficulty, he succeeded in tracing her to the miserable dwelling they occupied in the outskirts of the city. A funeral train was at the door; and here and there an assembled group were speaking of the event that called them together. The old man pressed forward with sad forebodings as to his daughter's fate. Perhaps she was dead, and they were assembled to bear her to her last long home. The thought was agony, and with trembling steps he entered the abode of misery. A few friends were there, drawn together by the common ties of humanity, to pay the last sad tribute to the dead, and comfort the *one* lone mourner; but their sympathy could not reach her soul, or call forth a tear from her eye. Her heart seemed turned to stone within her, and like a statue, she gazed vacantly on the little coffin that contained the remains of her babe. She followed it mechanically to the grave, and saw it consigned to its mother earth, without a sigh. Extreme misery had deadened every feeling, and she viewed, with utter indifference, the preparation for her removal home; and when the hour arrived for her departure, she went forth passive as a child.

Six months had elapsed, yet reason had not resumed her throne. It had been hoped that change of scenery and early associations would break the spell that was woven around her. But in vain. Grief had done its worst, and she moved like a spectre amid the living. Her form grew more light and airy, and her cheek thin and pale. Sorrow was unbinding the vital cords, and hurrying her to the dim and shadowy tomb. During this period of agony to her parents, not a word escaped her lips, save, "Poor, poor Frederick!" It was a beautiful morning in June; the soft summer air, loaded with the sweet perfume of flowers, stole into the sick room, and kissed the pale cheek of the sufferer. The hum of bird and bee mingled in sweet melody, to woo away the weary spirit from earth.

"Father, mother," murmured the dying woman, in a low, sweet voice. They drew near, and with yearning hearts, bent over their child. Reason had returned, as life flickered in its socket, ere it went out forever. "Mother," she murmured again, "I have had such wild and fearful dreams. I thought a fiend snatched my little Adelaide from me, and bore her away. They said it was Frederick; but I would not believe them, though it looked strangely like him. And, O! I have seen a bright, beautiful land! There the birds with golden plumage sung so sweetly, and the flowers bloomed all around; little Adelaide was there, clothed in radiant white, with a halo of glory encircling her snowy brow; and she beckoned me away to that blest world, and called 'Mother, dear mother, come away.' And Frederick, poor Frederick! O, I have had such a wild and fearful dream of him, as made my heart grow sick, and set my brain on fire; but he came to me at last, and smiled as he used to do, and I was happy again."

While she was yet speaking, a carriage drove rapidly to the door, and Frederick Preston alighted. He stood at the bed-side of his dying wife. With a cry of joy, she threw her arms around his neck, and feebly pressed her lips to his. It was the seal of reconciliation, and with it the spirit passed away from earth. The repentant husband pressed to his bosom the inanimate form of his wife. He had heard of her illness, and deeply reproaching himself as the cause, he hastened to her, that he might re-



ceive forgiveness for the wrong done to her, and, if possible, save a life, now dearer to him than his own. But, as we have said, he came too late. Grief and disease had rapidly done their work, and it needed only the shock of his abrupt arrival to loose the cords of life, and set the sufferer free.

O, who shall tell the bitterness of heart caused by wrong done to a fellow being, when, turn whichever way we will, we see no door open for reparation, though we would make it with our heart's best blood. When the grave has closed over the injured one, shutting out the sweet face and gentle tones, that have so often thrilled the heart, now so crushed by remorse, that repentance, though steeped in prayers and tears, cannot assuage it. So it was with the conscience-stricken husband, while bending over the lifeless form of his deeply injured wife. But it might not be. He had filled the cup with bitterness and gall, and conveyed it slowly but surely to his lips to drink. He knelt, with one cold hand clasped in his, in the still chamber of death, in the presence of those he had most injured, and called upon God for strength to pass through the fiery ordeal, and come forth a better man. By the affections he had crushed, the hearts made desolate, and his own intense suffering, he pledged himself to abstain from the poisoned chalice. The vow thus made, was borne on angels' wings to heaven, and registered in shining characters there. From that moment, Mr. Preston was an altered man. The lesson he had learned, was purchased at too dear a price to be easily forgotten. He now labors untiringly in the great work of love, that has raised so many from shame and degradation, and which still marches onward to the rescue, and will, till the last deluded wanderer is restored.

J. L. B.

## H O M E .

I DREAM of home, and much rejoice,  
For then I hear my father's voice  
Ascend again in prayer;  
I see again my mother's face,  
Return each sister's kind embrace,  
And meet a brother there.

And then I wake alone, alone,  
And hear no kind familiar tone,  
Nor form of kindred see;  
They vanish all with that sweet dream,  
For hills and vales now lie between  
My distant home and me.

And Autumn winds shall cease to wail  
Among the groves of that fair vale  
Where rolls the Chicopee;  
And Winter stern, all pale and cold,  
About the earth his robe shall fold,  
Ere I my home shall see.

But when shall come the vernal queen,  
With floral crown and mantle green,  
To bid rude Winter flee,  
Then all my weary exile o'er,  
I'll seek with joy my home, where roar  
The falls of Chicopee.

A. M. S.

## THE FORSAKEN.

I'm like a withered bough  
Torn from its parent tree;  
Where are those blissful visions now  
That once deluded me?  
Alas! are they all dead?  
All either dead or flown—  
My fondest hopes lie withered,  
And I am left alone.

And who hath stole my flowers,  
And strewed with thorns my way?  
Who hath despoiled my sunny bowers,  
And made their sweets decay?  
'Twas either man or fiend—  
Which I can hardly tell—  
But my whole soul upon him leaned,  
I loved him passing well.

He came in virtue's guise,  
To win my youthful heart;  
And I beheld, with trusting eyes,  
Only the fairest part.  
All of a darker hue  
Was with a mask concealed;  
Semblance he seemed of honor true,  
The rest was unrevealed.

And, when I found his heart  
With grief was darkened o'er,  
In all woes I bore a part,  
And loved him still the more.  
Had he been banished  
To India's farthest clime,  
E'en there I would have followed,  
To spend my youthful prime.

Such was my love for one  
Who hath requited me  
By leaving me thus sadly lone  
To mourn his perfidy.  
My babes—my hapless ones—  
With strangers doomed to dwell;  
The very ones he hath undone  
He should have guarded well.

They tell me that his smiles  
Are all another's now;  
Too well I know those artful wiles,  
That fair deceitful brow.  
But tell her to *beware!*  
His fickle heart may change,  
And leave her then a prey to care,  
This heartless world to range.

MINERVA.

## THE GOLD-ENSLAVED.

A MAN lived in a quiet cottage in a valley. Merry children were gathered around him. They gamboled with the squirrel and lamb, and sang with the lark and the robin. At evening they climbed their father's knee, and told him of the pastimes of the day, ere their gentle mother gave her good-night kiss, and sang them to sleep with a zephyr-like lullaby.

The man labored at seed time, and gathered the rich fruits of the earth in their season. But his spirit grew restless within him. One night as he lay sleepless and tossing on his bed, the moon poured a sheet of golden light through the casement, and bright in the radiance stood an angel.

"What aileth thee, O man!" he said, "that when all creation lieth in sweet repose, thou disturbest the quiet of midnight with thy sighing."

"Behold me!" replied the man; "I labor for bread from the first peep of the rising sun, till he sets behind the hills at the west;—and thus must my children after me. We live, but for what? To toil—to sweat—and then—to die! On yonder eminence rises the mansion of a more favored one. I gaze upon it daily from my low cottage door. His every wish is gratified almost without exertion; and his children rise to happiness and honor, because—he has *gold!* Give me also this, and I shall be at peace."



A shadow passed over the countenance of the angel, like a summer-cloud crossing the sun. He spoke with mild severity.

"Hath not HE who determined thy lot, done all things well? Thou hast not wished wisely, yet shall thy desire be granted. May it not prove a curse to thy soul! Follow me!"

They went forth, the man and the angel, into the clear calm moonlight. They paused at a sequestered nook in the valley, where an aged yew drooped its branches, and a rivulet trickled softly over the yellow sand, as if it wept. At the bidding of the angel, the man pressed his foot upon the earth, which rang at his tread. The soil seemed to part, and immense masses of gleaming ore appeared;—an abyss of wealth, stretching far down beyond his sight.

"Behold!" said the angel, "the treasures of the earth are before thee! but beware! Venture not too far into this dazzling cave. There are fiends here concealed, in whose horrid snares, if thou art once enthralled, thou mayest never hope to escape!" And he departed.

Day after day, year after year, the man haunted the cave of gold. At length his coffers overflowed. He destroyed his cottage home, and in its place a stately palace arose. But the frolicksome caresses of his children had no longer any charm for him; and they grew up in idleness and dissipation. His peaceful wife pined in silence, like a forsaken dove.

His spirit was more restless and gloomy than before; for it was now in fearful bondage. Heedless of the angel's warning, he had descended deep into the glittering pit, and the fiends had bound him with chains of his own beloved gold, whose links were riveted to his heart's core. And wherever he went, they would surely draw their victim back to their den. He heard no more the carol of the birds at morn or eve; but one sound was musical to his ear; it was the clank of his own fetters. His clear eye was never raised to greet the sun in its glory; *his* sun was within the earth. And ever, ever he went with a bowed head, and a downward, sorrowful gaze; with but one thought in his heart, and but one word on his tongue, and that was "Gold! gold!"

Have ye ever seen *the man*?

ROTHA.

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## EDITORIAL.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE. We hope our readers will not weary of the continuation of this tale, for any thing so good can hardly be too long. Extending, as it does, through many numbers, the story might lose its interest; but as each chapter usually illustrates some distinct truth, or opinion, these detached portions possess an intrinsic value, and depend not upon their connection with each other for their interest with the reader.

But we would embrace the opportunity which our editorial corner affords, to make a few remarks upon the present chapter.

It seems that what struck Truth most forcibly in America, and particularly in New England, was sectarianism; and still more especially—judging from the long prologue—*cold intellectualism*. The head cultivated at the expense of the heart—the reason made of paramount importance, and superior to the feelings. Now if this is TRUTH, we think we have cause to be proud of it—that it is just as it should be—that the moral as well as intellectual laws of our being are rightly regarded.

*Reason* was given us to *RULE*, and to *bless in ruling*. She should be the sovereign, and the feelings (like the old adage with regard to fire) may be good servants, though bad masters. If we hear more said about cultivating the reason, and restraining the feelings, it is because so much more is necessary. The feelings—the sensibilities—like the instincts to which they are so nearly allied, are more perfect in themselves. They spring up within our brains—as Minerva sprang from that of Juno—mature, strong, and armed for a conflict with us. We are to gird ourselves for the fight, and reason, which is to be our strongest auxiliary, is given us, like a feeble infant which we are to cherish, nurse, and preserve through the trials and dangers which she must encounter. Guard her well—let her be queen, and we can but be happy under her sway. Yet let not the feelings be crushed or assassinated—at her mild mandate they may come and go as messengers of light—her chains they may wear as roseate garlands; and even the passions, like strong men before their radiant sovereign, will wear their manacles as honorable badges of loyalty. Let them all be cherished, for the most noble characters are those wrought from strong passions and ardent feelings, by a determined will and strong intellect, even as the polished steel is wrought from the iron ore.

Characters, formed by the elevation of the reason above fierce passions, may be compared to the verdant crusts of burning mountains. There are rich pastures and smiling villages—the cattle feed among the green grass, and the glad streamlets leap downward to the valleys. True, the volcano may sometimes shake the mount, and send upward streams of fire; but better these, as an occasional evil, than the ever-burning mountain whose sides are always hot with streaming lava.

It is no light thing to sneer at reason, or at intellect; and did He, who has been presented as a model to us, by Truth—did He resign himself to the cultivation of the feelings? the enjoyment of the social affections? Did not He leave His home, and wander in solitude “by Galilee’s lake shore?” Did not He say to His mother, “Woman, what have I to do with thee?” and to His kindred, “he that doeth the will of my FATHER, who is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother?” Do we read that His was ever the pleasant jest, or merry laugh? Do we know that He ever yearned for the caresses or endearments of His friends? Then let not Him be brought before us, by those who would have a precedent for exalting the social feelings above all else that is in man.

It would be no light thing to dethrone reason—to make her, who should be our mistress, our slave—for as such she must soon perish. What guaranty have we that our feelings, our sentiments, our passions and instincts, will guide us aright? None—and is there a more melancholy sight than “the shipwreck of the mind?” In the words of our beautiful child poetess—

“There is a something we should dread,

“It is a dark and fearful thing,

“It steals along with withering tread,

“Or sweeps on wild destructive wing.

“It comes upon us in the hour

“Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;

“’Tis not the dread of death—’tis more—

“It is the dread of *madness*.”

Cold may be the light of reason, and frigid as mechanism may be her hand, but that light alone can be our unerring beacon, and that hand alone should hold the helm, as we pass over the dark tempestuous sea of life. H. F.

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NOTE. We trust that our friend, the author of “*Truth’s Pilgrimage*,” will excuse this public expression of sentiments suggested by herself. We know that she will, for she is tolerant and charitable. The editorial, intended for this number, was too long for the space reserved for it, and so we penned for our readers these few remarks.